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T H E

D E M I - R E P.

K

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

VIRG.

Where Matrimony veils th' incestuous Life,
And Whore is shelter'd in the name of Wife.

B Y

AUTHOR of the MERETRICIAD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. MORAN, under the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.

M.DCC.LVI.

THE

D E M I - R E P.

Containing a full and complete account of the

Whore's anatomy, with the description of the
And Whore's life in the name of Whore.

BY

AUTHOR OF THE MERE TRISTIA.

THE SECOND EDITION.



Printed by W. & A. C. L. B. & CO. LONDON, and at the Great Britain, Covent-Garden.

MILBURN

T H E

D E M I - R E P.

HAIL chaste Compilers of a foul Review*,
 And try for once, if ye can once speak true!
 Hail ye dull Moralists of these bright times,
 And calmly read my meretricious rhimes!
 Be not severe on my pert, pretty page,
 Nor blast the gentle NAsO of the age!
 Who softly sings of Ladies soft devoirs,
 As you did whilom in those chaste memoirs,
 Where a fair Lady of lewd pleasure shines,
 In all the chastity of C--L--D's lines.

* Alluding to the Monthly Review's criticism on the Courtesan.

To you I call,—but with no angry voice,
 Who made that book your first, your best, chaste choice*!
 That book which ye adorn'd with cuts, to please
 The Men of pleasure, and the Girls of ease;
 That book, which so reform'd a vicious age;
 Once more corrupted by my chaster page.—
 How can I spread the Pegasean wing,
 When you, nor let me fly, nor let me sing!
 How can I dare the Naso of my time,
 To rear the ladder of venereal rhyme!
 When Mother GRIFFITHS bawds my little muse,
 And makes the Master Laureat to the Stews:
 O Mother GRIFFITHS, bawdy Matron hail!
 With LANGHORNE'S loose *effusions* at thy tail,—
I am the man, the Laureat to the Stews;
 Thou, the dull Midwife to the dull Reviews:
Born on the Humber fam'd for luscious rhyme;
 Thou born, to die; to stink, to endless time:
 O take my thanks! you have them long and strong,
 'Twas you prefer'd the poet and the song:
Come Boys, come melting Maids, and read my lay;
 They best will please me, who the best will pay.

* The publisher of the Monthly Review, was the original publisher of the celebrated *Memoirs of a Lady of Pleasure*.

THE Times are such, I cannot kindly speak ;
 Since meer appearances are all we seek :
 One may be hang'd for looking o'er the gate,
 A second steal the horse and ride in state.

Vices of ev'ry kind so much prevail,
 That were the virtues in the adverse scale ;
 And just ASTRÆA pois'd the beam with care,
 The bad would sink—the good would mount in air.
 There's not a single crime beneath the sun,
 But what in this great City's hourly done :
 There's not one vice, peculiar to one clime,
 But we've transplanted here from time to time :
 Transplanted so, that they have proudly grown,
 As proudly we adopted them our own.
 We Holland's avarice and thirst of gain,
 The filth of Portugal, the pride of Spain ;
 The insincerity of France assume,
 And practise all the turpitudes of Rome ;
 Nor damn'd enough, we more exoticks sue,
 Importing plagues from Turkey and Peru :
 Here foreign crimes and ills take deeper stains,
 And roll in torrents through our English veins.

Vice

Vice in a thousand horrid forms appears,
 In strength encreasing with encreasing years :
 A virtuous Court, is no attracting charm,
 To vicious Courtiers, who like vermine swarm ;
 From complicated filths engender'd first,
 They by the genial sun from matter burst
 To life. Then in a thousand frightful forms
 They rise, and blast mankind with deadly storms.

Heavens ! such impositions now appear,
 Man can't be even said to see, or hear !
 Such cursed impositions rise to view,
 Tho' vice was thought at top ; still, they are new.
 Who can with temper see that haggard quean,
 Playing through life the most adult'rate scene !
 With feelings who can see, and not complain,
 Of the lewd actions of a Lady * ?—
 Pity that other little Lord, poor dupe !
 Hen-peck'd, confin'd within his Lady's hoop.
 Now pray you pity, the poor simple man,
 Bully'd through life by such a harridan !
 Who quite compos'd can warmly coo at court,
 And make this little lord her little sport !

Hell

Hell and confusion what a life is here,
 When men thus truckle, women domineer !
 Immortal Dorset, Rochester arise,
 And wipe the film from such poor Cuckold's eyes !
 Convince the Noble, and the plodding Man,
 Footmen will end the work they first began :
 Or give me rhyme to lash each vicious step,
 And check the conduct of the DEMI-REP !

Behold that house !—prodigious grand indeed ;
 Behold her company !—all noble breed ;
 Behold her Footmen, what a brawny crew !
 Pamper'd to do what Nobles cannot do.
 Their liv'ries, how superbe ! themselves how trim !
 As if lew'd Venus had fram'd ev'ry limb :
 They're not intended now for menial use,
 As cleaning plate, or knives, or blacking shoes ;
 When they are hired, whether white or black,
 The Mistress takes them by the breadth of back ;
 For search this City round, and round about,
 You'll find no class so handsome, or so stout :
 It is a maxim in which Dames are clear,
 A strapping Footman to a tiny Peer.

C

Behold

Behold her dress, her table, and her house !
 Nothing can be more grand, more rich, profuse.
 Pray does she play ?—play ! ay well, and wins,
 Or else her income would not buy her pins.
 Pray is she married ? Yes, her Spouse in France,
 The tame good creature let's her take her dance.
 Pray is she modest ?—As LUCRETIA known ;
 But forc'd by all the TARQUINS in the town.
 Yes, the good Lady chaste LUCRETIA apes,
 To save her fame she pays for daily rapes.—
 Yet, there's a way to gain her with great ease,
 Which is a never-failing rule to please :
 To lose your cash exert your play, and art,
 And you may ride the turnpike to her heart :
 Or if you can, win all she has at play,
 Return the sum,—and take it out her way :
 If you are lucky, stick to't hand and foot,
 Get her in debt,—then play it out at put.
 For there she's happy, whether out or in,
 Play as you please, she's always sure to win,
 But if you're handsome, sturdy, fair, and sound,
 Please but her whim—she'll tip a thousand pound :
 This is the way, a way nor strange, nor new,
 And ask of C—F—D if it is not true !

Maidens of forty-five of virtue boast,
 Pure as the virgin snow,—seal'd up as frost :
 Affect the icy chastity of Nuns,
 Despise the thaw of love, and genial suns :
 Talk of temptation with a hermit's pride,
 How they've resisted, and how men have try'd.
 Such is Miss MACER, whose eternal boast
 Is, what man offers, and what virtue lost.
 " O my dear virtue ! would I forfeit thee,
 " I might enjoy the top of pageantry !
 " But I and virtue, cannot, will not part.—
 Thus MACER talks, but talks not from the heart :
 Talks of her neighbours with a venom'd tooth,
 Yet MACER never deviates into truth :
 She by abusing those who're free from shame,
 Builds upon infamy a cobweb fame ;
 Rails at young MASTERMAN's lascivious sin,
 And yet in private ev'ry year lies in ;
 In those convenient places of the town,
 Where Maiden Ladies lay their bantlings down :
 It's thus with MACER and the Maids well bred,
 When thought at Bath, they're only brought to bed.

As

As mills are turn'd by each capricious gust,
 So Woman's turn'd by money, mode, or lust.
 Thro' life a pattern of domestick love;
 Loving, but constant as the turtle dove:
 The sweetest temper with the fairest face,
 When education adds to native grace:
 Loving her children, of her children lov'd,
 And married to the Man her heart approv'd:
 The halcyon state all wish'd which FLORA shar'd,
 And when they talk'd of love with her compar'd:
 " O could my spouse and I enjoy such bliss!
 " Ye Gods did FLORA ever do amiss?"
 Hang Heav'n with black;—ye rivers stream with blood!
 Reign vice triumphant over all that's good!
 Fork'd lightnings dart,—ye mutt'ring thunders roar!
 Seas burst your bounds, and deluge ev'ry shore!
 Yield up your dead ye graves,—earth's centre shake!
 Chaos is come,—and FLORA's turn'd a rake.
 Twenty years married, and at last to fall!
 Is more than man can bear that feels at all.
 Would it not make one curse the sex, to see
 An Angel end her life in infamy!
 Oh! I could curse while ink my oaths could black,
 To see so fair a fabrick—fall to rack.

Have

Have you no pity for the babes you bore,
 Must they survive, nor own a Mother more ?
 Have you no feelings for their infant years,
 No anxious moments—nor no Mother's fears ?
 Relent ! nor be absorb'd in sin, and mirth,
 To make them curse the womb that gave 'em birth.

Lord, what a delicate delightful creature !
 Love in her eyes, and grace in ev'ry feature :
 So young, so tender, and so modest too,
 She'd tempt a very Swedish CHARLES to woo !
 Ye Gods !—ye little Gods of house, or fane,
 Or rather Venus dear to Drury-Lane,
 Assist my tongue to list her praises o'er,
 And draw a picture never drawn before !
 PYGMALION's statue not more chaste in death,
 Sweet as the pouting rose, ere Zephyr's breath
 The maiden bellows of his lungs hath blown,
 To make those maiden beauties all his own.
 Touch her, she faints—court her, you're mighty rude ;
 Praise her, she'll blush,—and vow you make her proud :
 Name genial joys she'll freeze at ev'ry pore,
 Force but one kiss, — she's lost for evermore.

D

Her

Her reading's LANGHORNE, and platonick love,
Which every day her feelings disapprove.
Her Church the Magdelene, her Preacher DODD,
By following whom, she's fure to lose her God.
Her pity those, created first from dust,
Undone by that unnat'ral passion lust.
Thus ** lives, and to the world appears
A virgin faint throughout a train of years.
The curtain's drawn.—Now view her virgin plan !
Melting with joy, beneath her Father's man.

'This Town's infested by a pack of Dames,
Burnt with the hottest meretricious flames :
Chaste as unfired coals they seem, but sin
Has to a cinder burnt them up within :
Their skins are parch'd with use, and yet they rail
At whoredom, tho' they're whores from head to tail.
Behold old PHOEBE, tott'ring on a staff,
Tho' call'd alive, her own dead epitaph :
Double with age, her eyes with rheum o'erflown,
Lip drop'd, cheek shrunk, and driv'ling down,
Toothless by coughing, from long munching grin,
An aspin palsy shaking ev'ry limb :

Grey

Grey as a badger, wrinkl'd as an ape,
 And worn by time and ven'ry out of shape.
 Yet PHOEBE lufs, and wonders men are cold,
 And grieves to think ſhe's courted for her gold :
 Chuckles for ev'ry ſturdy youth ſhe ſees,
 Although ſhe keeps a ſtud in liveries :
 At eighty PHOEBE dies.—The world all ſtare,
 To find an Irifh Chairman PHOEBE's heir :
 To whom theſe moving words, ſhe moving cried,
 O ſpare me PATRICK !—ſpare me more !—and died.

Would you imagine me at once to find
 A man ſo baſe, ſo venal, to reſign
 The Woman that his heart approv'd, to wear
 A dirty feather in a higher ſphere !
 Would one imagine, that ambition cou'd
 Poſſeſs a Man to prostitute his blood !
 To prostitute to other's luſts his wife,
 To ſink in gilded infamy through life !
 Would one imagine Man ſuch a wretch to be,
 A wretch ſo mean, to boaſt his infamy !
 Can the ſame vital fire poſſeſs ſuch duſt,
 To give up virtue to adul'trate luſt ?

To

To give a wife up with the sweetest charms
 For lucre to B**'s savage arms?
 'Tis but too true. I wish it was forgot,
 Since Mrs. L— was Mrs. S—T.

The greatest curse in this inconstant life,
 Is, to be curs'd with an inconstant wife :
 But double still's the curse, when all we know
 Will not amount to proof ; when she shall go
 From man to man with fresh carniv'rous lust,
 And take the greatest with the greatest gust.
 Deception is the dress which Women wear,
 They paint, yet foolish Man believes 'em fair :
 Each has a JANUS' face,—here war,—there peace,
 Which artful Woman changes at her ease :
 So very false in all, that ev'ry part
 They act, is seldom acted from the heart.
 By art, by stratagem they brazen truth,
 And murder thousands in the bloom of youth.
 The Spoiler thus upon the publick way,
 Draws the unwary Traveller astray ;
 But soon shakes off the cheat, and to the heart
 Stabs the good Man that meant the gen'rous part.

WOMAN,

WOMAN, why form'd so shallow, false, and blind,
 At once the curse, and blessing of Mankind !
 Why made so soft, so elegant, so fair,
 At once to please, and pleasing to ensnare !
 But why surpris'd that Woman should deceive,
 When ev'ry Woman is the type of Eve ?
 To day an angel, tender, kind, and civil ;
 To-morrow, thunder, lightning, rain, and Devil :
 In Eden with one Man she prov'd a *brim*,
 And found some happy means to cuckold him.
 Unhappy E**, how we lament thy case,
 To try in publick thus a wife's disgrace !
 A cunning Dame that could contrive her sport,
 To save her Gallant from the costs of Court :
 A Gallant whom the fairest Matron, might
 To wanton in her snowy arms invite :
 A Gallant, whom a thousand women love,
 And whom, let's hope, the better half approve.
 Such various cheats in various life appear,
 It seems domestick harmony, where Dear,
 And Love, and Duck, and Joy's the mutual song ;
 Kissing and ever cooing in a throng :
 But tongs and poker ere you're out o'door,
 Accord in concert to " you rogue—you whore !"

Such are the various cheats in various life,
With a chaste, *mighty good kind of a wife.*

Women have various schemes in being Wives,
Some to enjoy their Man,—some freer lives :
But marriage, like all earthly things possest,
Falls short in that, we wish'd to make us blest.—
In marriage, this, a trifle you'll allow,
Tom broke his leg ;—and Madam broke her vow :
Hating to nurse—away to France she flies,
And in the int'rim the poor cripple dies :
The world all star'd,—to find a wife elope,
But drop'd their wonder—when 'twas Mrs. P—.
Fair she was made, and shone with native grace,
Catching applauses from the Gallic Race ;
Display'd those talents Nature made her own,
And took a Knight in—easy as a Clown :
Married,—return'd she proves a torn down Hack,
And labours now to break her second's back.—
If this is marriagel et me shun the wreck,
For fear I get a Dame may break my neck :
Maids when they're courted are our blis in love,
The question is, what wives those maids will prove ?

Cruel

Cruel injunction by a husband laid
 Upon a wife,—who makes her cards her trade :
 Cruel injunction, from the Man we wed,
 To force a wife from cards, at five, to bed :
 Cruel injunction, all the world must say,
 A Duke, to force a Dutchess from her play :
 If others copy from these great men's rules,
 What times will Ladies have from doating fools !
 Marriage !—my stars ! who'll ever be a wife,
 When Maids are free with all,—and Maids for life !
 Marriage ! avaunt—your chains I now disown ;
 First,—make me DEMI-REP to half the town.
 Husband no more, that thus my love rewards !
 Take Husband Heav'n—and give me love and cards.
 Thus G—— spoke, —and smiling slipt away
 From him for ever—to her tea, and play :
 She felt no nuptial ties—nor dreaded ill,
 Her cares were Ombre—and her joy Quadrille :
 Children, House, Husband sunk without a sigh :
 —What live, and quit my cards !—I'd rather die.

That blessing Love, the God of Nature gave
 To cheer us from the cradle to the grave ;

But

But yet alas ! what perils wait the Spark;
 That blindly puts to sea in CUPID's bark;
 The waves of scandal roar—and ev'ry gust
 Is stir'd by passion, jealousy, or lust:
 Beauty, should have a skillful pilot's care,
 Through envious rocks and shoals to steer her clear;
 Beauty the eyes of ARGUS too requires,
 To save her cargo from the pirate's fires;
 Beauty's th' Hesperian tree,---and ev'ry brute
 Will risk his life to pluck the golden fruit:
 Beauty alas! hath not one friend below
 But virtue, which can vanquish ev'ry foe:
 She that hath virtue is compleatly arm'd,
 But Beauty without virtue may be charm'd.

A beauteous woman, reputation gone,
 Is like a half-pay officer in town;
 In virtue she is courted, and desir'd,
 In war he's honour'd, and by all admir'd:
 Her virgin flower once torn—her credit's gone;
 And he in peace is *credited* by none:
 Such is the soldier's, such the Virgin's lot,
 Alike unpitied, and alike forgot.——

Is there no pity 'mongst the rich, and great,
 For those poor girls who roam the public street?
 Have you no pity for the sons of Mars,
 Who bought your *Peace* at the expence of scars?
 Shall one sad fate each hapless kind attend,
 Alike unpitied, and without a friend?
 Curs'd be that Man, who will not stoop to save
 The injur'd Maid, or Soldier from the grave!
 Alive, may conscience be his earthly Hell,
 As dead he will the damndest Fiends out yell!

Lift! lift ye Sinners! I'll a tale unfold,
 A tale, shall shock the Man tho' savage bold:
 If you have feelings---here you shall deplore,
 And bleed, and agonize at every pore:
 If injur'd Woman ever drew a tear,
 Shower down a torrent on a sister here!
 If perjur'd perfidy e'er curs'd our race,
 If Heaven marks the virtuous, from the base,
 If incest, upon incest, can incense
 The wrath of Heaven, Heaven thy wrath dispense!

In a small village vice could never find,
 Nor garish dress corrupt the female mind;

F

Where

Where courtly luxury had never stray'd,
 To cram the glutton,---to seduce the Maid;—
 Here Virtue, taught her virtue in her youth,
 And pure Religion mark'd the ways of truth;
 Heav'n in her birth shew'd ev'ry darling care,
 And made her beauteous as her angels are:
 All these, and more the sweet CARRELIA shar'd,
 A spotless angel to the town repair'd:
 All prais'd her charms, for none could look, but lov'd;
 The sigh, the wish, the joy of all she prov'd;
 All prais'd to please, without one thought to truth,
 All try'd by flatt'ry to corrupt her youth;
 Dukes, Lords, and Princes could admire, could swear,
 "Heaven never made an angel half so fair;"
 (For common words with Nobles have a force,
 Which other men may use till they are hoarse)
 Flatt'ry alas! the bane of womankind,
 Pour'd by degrees its poison in her mind;
 Flatt'ry the curse of all the lovely sex,
 The rock where Women make their fatal wrecks,
 Smooth, pleasing poison which the mind receives,
 Tho' conscious of the endless wound it gives.
 Ye undeluded shun the flow'ry shore,
 Nor split, where thousands have been wreck'd before!

Flatt'ry

Flatt'ry alas! her sugar'd poison pours,
 Like venom'd snakes beneath the fairest flowers.
 O! shun the lure, and mark CARRELIA's end,
 In youth a weeping Nun, without one friend
 To a thatch'd cot retir'd to end her days;
 Searching with broken contrite heart the ways
 Of Heav'n for happy Penitents reserv'd,
 For more or less in life we all have swerv'd.
 But Heaven attentive hears the Sinner's pray'r,
 And from the drooping soul—removes the care:
 Gives that reviving HOPE to all below,
 That bliss succeeds this temporary woe.

Hence Charity! and Indignation rush
 With all ethereal fire and rage, to crush
 The Wretch, that gather'd first this flow'ret gay,
 Then cast it like a "loathsome weed away."
 Curs'd be the Wretch that can seduce the Fair,
 Then, drive 'em forth to all the stings of care!
 For all the riches of the golden West,
 I would not have the Hell in L*R's breast!
 Heav'n keep me poor, and steady to my trust,
 Firm tho' unhappy, and tho' tempted just.

Nay,

Nay, might I choose—I would be stak'd in flames,
Rather than damn'd like *Twitcher* and Sir J**'s.

★ That first great DEMI-REP, first Queen of hearts,
Whose wanton love reduc'd all hero's parts ;
She who brought mighty CÆSAR on his knees,
To pay the turnpike to the seat of ease :
That flow'ry seat on Ida's mid-land shore,
Where none e'er enter'd but did first adore :
A worship follow'd by the Prince and Slave ;
At once our cradle, and at once our grave :
A truth fulfill'd by Men of each degree,
From love-sick ANTHONY, to love-sick ME.
Hail CLEOPATRA of the shining East !
Who first made lust a dish at ev'ry feast :
Fair DEMI-REP from whom profusion rose
In lust, in lux'ry, pageantry, and cloaths :
Who will not fire at that lascivious thought,
When on his back APOLLODORUS brought
A rich mattress, fill'd with a richer treat,
And laid the jewel down at CÆSAR's feet :
O how the blood trils at the luscious scene,
A CÆSAR bleeding with a maiden queen !

From

From CLEOPATRA's wanton, giddy steps,
 Arose the wanton race of DEMI-REPS :
 Such are the changes of our state below ;
 The scene of joy becomes a scene of woe ;
 ANTHONY falling shuns OCTAVIUS' grasp,
 And CLEOPATRA courts the fatal asp !

Fortune, whose favours are promiscuous hurl'd,
 The giddy Mistress of a giddy world ;
 To thee, vain goddess, still our altars blaze,
 Still swell to thee the various notes of praise :
 To thee the labour of each head and hand,
 To thee our travels both by sea and land ;
 The Poet's lay, the Statesman's subtle scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream.
 NEPTUNE's rough sons who o'er his surges sweep,
 And tempt with swelling sails the awful deep,
 In many an oath thy changing power revere,
 As through the storm or lengthen'd calm they steer.
 For thee the hardy Veterans sustain,
 The heats of summer, and the winter's rain :
 E'en Priests themselves to thee have learnt to pray,
 And mitred heads confess thy sacred sway :

Phyfick's grave tribe, and Law's rapacious crew,
 And Traffick's Sons, all toil alike for you :
 By thee the Arts and Sciences avail,
 And tardy Justice lifts her equal scale.
 Say then, blind Goddess, while we have in view
 Thy various gifts, and variously purfue !
 Say, fhall the hungry Poet by his lay,
 Exulting eat the dinner of the day ?
 Shall fome dull Lord deep fmit with love of verfe,
 For panegyrick give the needed purfe ?
 Or is he doom'd by thy unkind pow'r,
 Fasting to write in thrice exalted floor ?
 Where unmolefted fpiders spread the fnare,
 Where ftand the fheetlefs bed, the broken chair ;
 Where to defend the Bard from blafts of night,
 Rags in the cafement keep out wind and light.

Some few, thus ftuggle ftill in virtue's caufe,
 Nor find protection in their Country's Laws.
 They who firft painted Fortune drew her blind,
 A giddy Strumpet giving alms to wind :
 She has been partial fince this world began,
 And ever ftady to the worthlefs man ;

Call these not chance!—Let these inspire your hate!
 See B— possessing M——UE's estate!
 See learned M——UE unpitied roam,
 And friendless begging both abroad and home!
 Here Angel-Pity turn thy tender eye,
 See LLÖYD and Genius in one prison die!
 Are these the proofs of Fortune's general care,
 O! damn her—damn her here and ev'ry where!
 O! let me, CHURCHILL, offer at thy shrine,
 One line of friendship, one warm, honest line!
 Let me with truth defend thee from the rage
 Of him, who blasted thine like SHAKESPEAR's page!
 One, who with ranc'rous envy, could sit down,
 Conceive a lie, and spread it round the town:
 Could try the Prince * of Poets to dethrone,
 Whose name shall out-live Envy, brass and stone:
 Faults he had some, but the superior weight
 Of all his sterling virtues was so great,
 To poise them both, if Envy should prevail,
 While equal-handed Justice held the scale,

* In Doddsley's Annual Register for 1764, you will see the memoirs of Churchill, written by a false, invidious pen; attempting, by the grossest falsties, to prejudice the world inhumanly, against one of the greatest Poet this kingdom ever produced.

Virtue would sink to earth, and the rebound
Would shake the adverse vices to the ground.

Hail gentle Youth the patron of the fair,
Who make the sex your study and your care !
In all so humble, and in all so good,
To mix in vulgar veins your noble blood !
Husbands, whose wives you *honour*, own with truth,
How much they owe to your more vig'rous youth !
How much you ease the labour of their reins,
By the effusions of your gen'rous veins !
You have the thanks of our more aged fires,
Teaching their daughters more unhallow'd fires !
Your noble acts to all the Dames are known,
Who raise the seed you scatter up and down.
To give due praise kind Spouses can't forbear,
Cuckolds to D* brown, and M* fair.
Does a Peer die?—behold your gen'rous deeds,
Your comforts to the Widow in her weeds !
The sweetest Widow Venus e'er design'd
Had died for grief, had G* not been kind ;
Had he not cheer'd with cordial drops her heart ;
Transfix'd by Death's, his own, and Love's keen dart.

Should

Should your kind influence e'er affect my Dame,
 To feel the warmth of a right noble flame,
 Let the sad secret never come from you,
 And I shall think her quite as fair and true :
 Let my sweet Mistress kiss with whom she will,
 Let me not know it I am easy still !
 I do not care if I'm deceiv'd if pleas'd,
 Which way it is,—tho' of my money eas'd.
 I ne'er am studious jealous facts t'obtain,
 Without to feel the horns within the brain :
 The cuckold's cares I give to Master FORD,
 Or some old impotent deluded Lord :
 Or him who thought his artifices sage,
 By cooping up his Lady * in a cage !
 I have not jealousy to swell my woes,
 And with my Dame may never give me cause !
 God keep her true, or keep the news from me,
 Nor damn me 'mongst the sons of Jealousy !
 Make me not studious to find out my shame,
 Like one suspicious of his gentle Dame !
 When sickness had reduc'd the body low,
 He with a face of penitence and woe,

* The great Buck Henley, was guilty of this absurdity.

Declar'd a fatal poison he had giv'n,
 And soon she'd stand before the Judge of Heav'n :
 " Confess, nor thus retire my dear lov'd wife,
 Top full of sin from this adul'trous life !
 Have you not cuckold'd me my gentle Fair,
 Speak, and your bosom will be freed from care !
 But should you bear a lie to that high world,
 That body must be to the Devil hurl'd !
 Confess sweet soul before you reach the grave,
 Have you not cuckold'd me ?—Yes, once, I have.
 But once !—yes twice—only dear Wife but twice !
 Forgive, dear Spouse, indeed, indeed but thrice,
 Now all the good he gets of this good wife :
 She wears the breeches, he the horns for life.
 Life is a state of trial upon earth,
 And Virtue only gives immortal worth :
 Woman is frail, and Man's a villain born,
 Whom she should treat with all her sex's scorn ;
 Base are the deeds of Man to womankind,
 But ills should not pervert the virtuous mind :
 In spite of stratagem, allurements, need,
 She that is virtuous still, is great indeed :
 She that has virtue wears a coat of mail,
 Which all the wiles of Vice cannot assail.

Whether

Whether 'tis ease in Man or thirst of gain,
 Or vice in Woman, I will not maintain !
 But be it which it may in both 'tis bad,
 And feeble the excuse to call them mad !
 If lustful passions lead the Dame astray,
 Or a vile Husband drive her out for pay !
 If vanity or dress allure her mind,
 To forfeit fame and letcher with Mankind !
 Or if to add a feather to his head,
 Spouse make her truckle to some Noble's bed !
 If one small spice of these is found in each,
 It needs no JEMMY TWITCHER to impeach :
 Curs'd is their state, nor should such base born slaves
 Be earth'd, with common rogues in common graves.
 A stinking Cuckold he, and she a Punk,
 In spite of F——, D—— and D——.

Virtue in Woman's like the virgin snow ;
 Which while it keeps it's purity, and show,
 Maintains it's beauty ; but one vicious flaw
 Fouls and destroys it like a sudden thaw.
 Woman will hold long sieges for a name,
 And like LUCRETIA bleed to raise her fame :

No whining Preacher, nor no Courtiers lies,
 Tho' e'er so cunning, politick, or wise,
 No Soldier's glory, nor no Miser's purse;
 Nor can the *Pope* with his eternal curse,
 Frighten a Woman to bestow her charms,
 Unmov'd she'll stand and Virtue all her arms.
 Her truth, her honour shall the world convince
 She's chaste:—and yet she'll truckle to a Prince.
 But that is loyalty: you'll ne'er persuade
 Women, that Kings can make them less a maid.
 Man they'll withstand—yet long for untast'd joy,
 And then resign their bauble for a toy:
 All have their prices, Y—prov'd the thing,
 She stood the world, but could not stand a King.
 Some Men are happy with a handsome wife,
 And many doubly wretched drag through life:
 Handsome and good, indeed are handsome things,
 But how few these attend! Beauty has wings
 And in a breath is gone, and all her charms,
 When we think safe and virtuous in our arms.
 'Tis very strange the sudden flights she'll take,
 A Saint this moment, and the next a Rake.
 Oh I could say such things would make ye weep,
 With Daughters, Sires, Brothers with Sisters sleep!

Many

Many by incest thus to ruin fall,
And growing sodomy will damn us all:

Enough of Women ! Gods, it stabs my heart,
When I'm to prove they've play'd th' adult'rous part !
Oh, can you, after this flagitious rhyme,
Hail me the gentle NASO of my time !
VENUS attend thy am'rous Poet's pray'r,
If e'er my pen unjustly wounds the Fair,
Nine fold return the stab, I'll own it just,
From thee fair Queen of Beauty, Joy and Lust !

Enough of Woman !—H* stand forth,
The smallest, greatest Cuckold in the North.
With little F——, and less C——y,
That ye a lewd Triumvirate may be
Like CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and ANTHONY ;
In lewdness only, not in truth or sense,
To which you must allow you've no pretence ;
Ye know not even the soft art of love,
As ev'ry strumpet upon town can prove !
Shame on such Senators, such green old Peers,
Old in debauchery, tho' young in years !
Have ye not Wives and Mistresses ?—yet still,
Go we to Ranelagh, or where we will

We find you there ; for ye like jackalls prowl
 About for prey, and smell at ev'ry hole.
 At noon you're on the hunt, and in the dark
 We find you fumbling in the streets, or Park,
 Sober ; for it would be a praise if drunk,
 And some excuse for hugging of a punk.
 Turn and observe the lux'ry of the times,
 From high to low do we not study crimes ?
 What are our Satesmen, but a venal crew,
 Voting this day for me, the next for you ?

When Rome at length, by various tempests tost,
 Her antient fame and liberty had lost,
 A horse in Se—te fat ; *here* let him sit,
 He'll have more votes than honesty or PITT !
 WALPOLE, like old CALIGULA could buy
 You all if he had cash.—I cannot lie
 And call these golden days ; I swear they're worse
 Than those, which did the sons of Sodom curse.
 Such Leaders never Country had before,
 Our very convicts blush on yonder shore ;
 Defy their palsied Mother, and dispute
 The acts of *Twitcher*, H—— and B—.

There

There was a time when honest Members came
 To this great Town, to raise their Country's fame :
 Their souls all free, not venally profuse,
 With twice sol'd shoes they stamp'd it to the House.
 Wives staid at home, but now the turnpikes bring,
 All to learn vice, buy pins, and see the King ;
 'Tis on the turnpikes that we ought to rail,
 The turnpikes, where sin runs upon the nail.
 Thus Vice and Luxury in days of yore
 Sunk Rome, as Athens it had sunk before ;
 And England now at a strange je-hu rate,
 Seems to be driving down the steep of Fate.
 So have I seen at some snug Cit's abode,
 Full in the dust upon the northern road,
 The York post-coach from Highgate's lofty brow,
 Whirling and clatt'ring to the plain below.

Lechers, at least be *prudent* in this state,
 Bring in your strumpets at the postern-gate !
 Nor strut in vice, amidst the day's bright glare,
 To show mankind what little things ye are :
 Give up these tinsel toys to idle youth,
 And let the acts of falsehood, yield to truth.
 With you the feats of Venus ill agree,
 Leave those to S——R — H——N and ME.

The E. N. D.

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